

28 Verses From The *Amaruśataka*  
*Of Amaru*

*(EROTIC POETRY)*

Poesy renderings by c l dean

Vol.I

Poems by

C dean

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<sup>1</sup> Rendering into poesy selected verses from the literal translation by C.R. *Devadhar* edition of the *Amarusataka* "Amaruśataka With Sringaradipika of Vemabhupala A centum of Ancient Love Lyrics of Amaruśaka" (Critically edited with an introduction English translation and Appendices) by Chintaman Ramachandra Devadhar, Motilal Banarsidass Deili, 1984

## INTRODUCTION

The *Amaruśataka* or *Amarukaśataka*, “the hundred stanzas of Amaru”), authored by **Amaru** (also Amaruka), is a collection of poems dated to about the 7<sup>th</sup><sup>[1]</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> century.<sup>[2]</sup> The *Amaruśataka* ranks as one of the finest lyrical poetry in the annals of Sanskrit literature, ranking with Kalidasa and Bhartrhari’s *Śṅgâraśataka*. The ninth-century literary critic Anandavardhana declared in his *Dhvanyaloka* that “a single stanza of the poet Amaru ... may provide the taste of love equal to what’s found in whole volumes.” Its verses have been used by poets and critics as examples and standards to judge other poems by. Andrew Schelling describes it as “love poetry original and vivid as that produced anywhere on the planet”.<sup>[2]</sup>

Its subject is mostly Sringara (erotic love, romantic love) including aspects such as love, passion, estrangement, longing, rapprochement, joy and sorrow, etc. Greg Bailey notes that it is “as much about the social aspects of courting, betrayal, feminine indignance and masculine self-pity as it is about sensuality”.<sup>[1]</sup> Similarly, Schelling notes: “All the flavours or nuances of love are said to lie within the book, though you’ll notice that the emphasis falls more on the bitter taste of separation or betrayal than on the sweetness of consummation.”<sup>[2]</sup> [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amaru\\_Shataka](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amaru_Shataka)

## PREFACE

Oh these cameo-like pictures  
     Lyrical pieces  
 Fleeting emotions moods attitudes  
     Lyrical pieces  
 Magical charms magical beatitudes  
     Lyrical pieces  
 These moments monument captured by  
     Amaru  
     Lyrical pieces  
 Sensual rapture honeyings sensuous  
     dalliances  
     Lyrical pieces  
 Sexual beauty physical desire  
 Oh these lyrics passions expire  
     All the nuances of love  
     These lyric pieces inspire

## 3

The look of the face of the slender one  
 while  
 with thee below and she above<sup>2</sup> enjoying the  
 act of love  
 while  
 her disheveled locks fluttering does  
 while  
 her ear—pendants swing does  
 while  
 fine beads of sweat her fore-head blurs a  
 little does  
 while  
 at the end of love her eyes with languor  
 does-  
 may that look of the face preserve thee long  
 when Visnu Siva Brahman what need of and  
 all the Devas<sup>3</sup> throng

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<sup>2</sup> ie a “reverse posture” When she takes the man’s role, your lady has the choice of three famous lovemaking techniques: “Samdamsha (the Tong), “Bhramara” (the Bee) and “Prenkholita” (the Swing). There are also these reverse postures 1) Charunarikshita” (Lovely Lady in Control) 2) “Lilasana” (Seat of Sport). 3) Hansabandha” (the Swan). 4) “Upavitika” (the Sacred thread) 5) “Viparitaka” (Reversed). 6) “Yugmapada” (the Foot Yoke) 7) “Hansa-lila” (Swan Sport). 8) “Garuda” (Garuda). 9) “Virsha” (the Bull) 10) “Devabandha” (the Coitus of the Gods) 11) “Chakrabandha” (the Wheel). 12) “Utkalita” (the Orissan) <http://www.tantra.org/kama-sutra-positions/#Role%20Reversal>

4

When bitten is the sprout-like lips of she  
In fright the finger of she shakes she

And

With the dance of the creeper-like eye-brow  
of she in anger cries she

“leave Oh brute alone me”

While

With a hissing sound the eyes of she  
contracts she

Those alone obtain nectar who snatch kisses  
with thrills of pleasure from such a maiden as  
she

Churned the ocean was for nothing by the  
gods of stupidity

---

<sup>3</sup> Deva (देव in [Devanagari](#) script) is the [Sanskrit](#) word for [deity](#), its related feminine term is [devi](#). In modern [Hinduism](#), it can be loosely interpreted as any benevolent supernatural being. The devas in [Hinduism](#), also called [Suras](#), are often juxtaposed to the [Asuras](#), their [half brothers](#).<sup>[1]</sup> Devas are also the maintainers of the realms as ordained by the [Trimurti](#). They are often warring with their equally powerful counterparts, the [Asuras](#). [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Deva\\_%28Hinduism%29](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Deva_%28Hinduism%29)

I2

When to his face when was turned the face of I  
 It I bowed down did I  
 And at his feet bent down the glance I  
 And my ears with great eagerness to hear him speak did  
 close I  
 And my cheeks with horripilation breaking forth in  
 perspiration did cover I  
 And my friends but what could do I  
 When in a hundred places were bursting forth the seams  
 of the bodice of I

I5

When the house parrot the words exchanged during the  
 night between the married couple having heard  
 Them does repeat in the elders presence  
 With shame afflicted the young bride  
 Into its beak to hinder its to speak a ruby did stick from  
 the ear ornament of she making out a pomegranate seed it  
 to be

24

“Under pretext to bow down at the feet of I  
why do thou Oh why conceal  
the chest of thine bearing the evident marks  
that her breasts covered thick with ointment  
thou hast tightly pressed to the chest of  
thou”

Oh when said was this answered I “where is  
it”

And

in my arms hastily I enfolded she that those  
traces might wiped out be

And

Forgot she the slender one while in this bliss  
she



29

Thou hast suspended a string of pearls clinking on the  
breasts of thine

Thou hast clasped a noisy girdle around the ample hips of  
thine

Precious stones sounding carry the feet of thine

Oh simple one with such beating drum stealthy goest thou  
to the lover of thine

but

Why tremble dost thou with violent fear

And

Cast on all sides glances

32

Oh friend asleep is he now thee too shouldest sleep too

Depart did the friends with the words of these

I thereupon eager I I was

And

Like one possessed by love against his mouth my mouth  
pressed I

When

I however did see from the skin rippling of the rouge that  
in feigned manner closed were the eyes of he

With shame was seized I

Which

Away were swept by he by the indulging in acts fitting for  
the occasion be

35

Under the close embrace was pressed the  
bosom of she

And

With happiness did bristly the skin of she

And

Where the girdle is worn did slip off the  
garment of she

As the ardour of love did rise to high  
intensity

And

Weakly whispered she

“Oh thou remover of the pride of I now do  
not any excess commit do not enough it is”

I wonder I at this

If dead she or sleeping be

Or sank into the heart of I

Or melted away she simply be

40

Not was made the garland stretching o'er the entrance  
 with blue lotuses but with the eyes of she  
 Not was strewn the flower-offering with Kunda and  
 Jasmine flowers but with the smiles of she  
 Not with water carried in a jar was made the respectful  
 offering but with perspirations dew dripping of the breasts  
 of she  
 With parts of the body of she  
 The slender one she  
 For the solemn reception of entrance of the lover of she  
 prepared she

58

When the name of my dearest one do hear do I  
 Thickly bristle the hair on the body of I  
 Like the moon-stone oozing<sup>4</sup> when his moon-like face do  
 see do I behaves the body of I  
 When to a passionate embrace expecting when stepping  
 comes close to I to hold I  
 all sulkiness thoughts vanish from heart of I

---

<sup>4</sup> *Note: In Indian folklore the moonstone is said to secrete moisture when struck by a moonbeam.*

60

On the river of loves passion are swept away  
they

And

Held back by the dam of the house elders are  
they

Unable their desires to satisfy are they

Although

In proximity close are they

Yet all the same

With limbs that appear like painted pictures  
they face each other they

Drinking they loves nectar brought them  
through the lotus-stalks in the shape of the  
glances of they

61

Completely dropped away has the sandal from the high  
breasts of thine

Wiped off is the red color from the lower lip of thine

Not a trace of salve is left in the eyes of thine

And ripples does the skin of slender body of thine

Oh perjurer thou the messenger of love Oh thou

Not knowest thou the grief causest thou to this friend of  
thou

From here to the pond didst to bath go thou

But not to that vile one

62

Weak pale withered bereft of grace that face with its  
loose hanging hair tresses

Up brightened at once and became sweet did the languid  
face

When from abroad did I return

Oh the loving kisses I snatched from the beloved of mines  
mouth what can make I forget

That mouth which so proudly did look

During loves-dalliance so bewildered a look

And

so charming forsooth

63

She wearied opposes not as formally the  
loosening of the garment of she  
Nor as before does she  
When by the hair seized does she  
The arch of the brow break  
And  
Bite severely the lip of she  
Her limbs offers willingly does she  
And  
Repulses not a forcible embrace of she  
Oh the fair one she now seems hast a  
different mode of anger learnt to show she

65

With betel-juice dyed here

With black-sandal paste stains soiled there

With camphor powder covered here

And

With foot-prints in lac-dye marked there

With extensive wave-like crumplings

And

With fallen flowers from her hair scattered

the bed-sheets do proclaim the enjoyment in various  
modes of she

66

“ I have for thee a word” he said to me

And to a lonely spot he drew me

And

In the innocence of the heart of mine

Attentive to him close sat to him did I

Then

In my ear whispering something

And

the mouth of I smelling

caught he the braid of me

and

sipped the nectar from the lips of me

67

As

With a sudden flux of feeling  
away from the bed of pleasure stood she  
the husband with his eye-brow a gesture  
made he

And

Asked secretly for a kiss with the quivering  
lip of he

So

Covering the face of she

Whose orb'd cheeks were radiant with the  
smiles of she

With the skirt of the garment of she

While

Gently dangled the pendants clustering in the  
ear of she

She the slender one shock the head of she



71

On both sides of the forehead a mark of lac-dye does lie

On the neck the arm-bands impress does lie

On the face dark spots of collyrium does lie

Betel color stands pre-eminent on the eyes

After

In the morning the gazelle eyed one she

Had looked at such anger-exciting ornaments from the  
lover of she

In the chalice of the lotus she sported in the hand of she  
were smothered the sighs of she

74

In the bedchamber alone finding she

Slowly gently the young bride raised from the couch she

And

Scanned for long the face of the lord of she

Who

Deep sleep feigned he

And

Without any shyness on his face imprinted a kiss did she

But

Perceiving the pleasure and thrill upon the cheeks of he

Her head bent down in bashfulness did she

While

Laughing the lord of she rained kisses on she

77

“So delicate of limb mark Oh thou  
 Due to the heaps of sandal-dust in deep  
 embraces fallen  
 This bed is hard now”  
 Saying so  
 On the breast of he he placed me  
 And  
     Urged by passionate desire  
 As  
 My lip firmly bit he  
 As  
 Like with a pair of tongs  
 Away pulled he the garment of me with the  
 toes of the feet of he  
 Started he to do the proper thing that for  
 that rouge was to do

80

Struck by the lotus which in her hand  
sporting she

The loved one

Whose lips by another woman was bitten  
unreservedly

With eyes closed stood as if the pollen had  
entered the eyes of he

either through fear it was really so

or

through a cunning show

the beautiful one the wind at him started to  
blow

out of her moon-like mouth pointed bud

like

while

he without intermission kissed she

without having to fall to conciliate she at the  
feet of she

83

the blossoms holding of the mango tree  
which in the round in the courtyard near  
the well grows spaciously  
those blossoms which are adorned by the  
female bees as they hum around greedily  
for the pervading sweetness of the pollen  
thickly  
meseems the young girl  
having covered by she the body of she by  
a portion of the upper garment of she  
is weeping  
while the sighs of she make heave the  
bosom of she  
as the sound of weeping as it rises is  
stifled in the throat of she

86

When had returned the lover she the day  
 passed away with difficulty  
 Filling with hundreds of daydreams her mind  
 did she

And

Entering then the pleasure-house she did see  
 In long conversation carried on the obtuse  
 attendants of she lacking all sagacity

The slender-bodied one

Whose heart for loves enjoyment grew  
 impatient

Cried out she "Oh something has bitten me"

And

Tossing hurriedly the silken scarf of she the  
 lamp extinguished did she

89

Now and again tossing about the sprout-like arms of she  
 With the girdle slipping down  
 On to the lamp-flame dashes the remainder of her flower-  
 garland does she  
 Smiling  
 And bewildered  
 Again and again closes the eyes of the husband of she does  
 she  
 And  
 At their loves-dalliance end the girl is repeatedly looked at  
 by the husband of she

90

In anger averting the face of she  
 Simulating sleep closing her eyes did she  
 The fair one the waist of she makes thinner does she  
 When  
 The lover of she  
 An adept in embraces locked with his own each limb of  
 she  
 And  
 The knot of the garment of she gradually did with the  
 hand of he did touch he  
 Which  
 Betrayed the fear and confusion of he

93 “This perspiration what brings to the face of thee”

“Ah ‘tis the rays of the sun make it be”

“What makes red the eyes of thee”

“Anger caused by the words of he “

“But

Disheveled be the dark tresses of the hair of thee”

“It is the wind surely that makes that be “

“But

The saffron mark on the forehead of thee what hast wiped  
that off thee”

“Rubbed away ‘it is by the upper garment of me”

“Well all those questions have thee answered tell me”

“The wound on the lower lips of thee Oh messenger what  
hast to say thee”

97

Released of itself did the knot of the garment of she  
instantly

when to bed did the husband come he

And

Too the garment held by the girdle loosened covered  
slightly the hips of me

But alas

‘tis is all I remember now

But oh once locked in the embrace of he

Recollect not I

Even faintly who was I who was he

Or

How the love-dalliance was surely

I00

Whosoever

in love sinning is by the foot struck with lac-dye on by the  
beloved she

as tender as a young sprout with an anklet on be

And

Through passion languid she

He by the divine God of love marks as his own he

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